shouting, "This is an outrage! Do you think you can prevent His Majesty's government from dealing with other countries as it pleases?"

Then another unmistakably French voice: "But, monsieur, be reasonable! This newspaper . . ."

And the major shouting again, "Nonsense! This is the official organ of the Georgian government."

And then again the French officer: "This is a Communist paper. And the government of Georgia is a gang of Communists."

"Stop this nonsense!" roared the major. "This is going too far. I am appointed by my government to escort Mr. and Mrs. Woytinsky and their party to Rome as guests of my government. If you try to interfere with my instructions, I will immediately telephone to our ambassador and you will have diplomatic complications."

After further negotiations, the major came out with the officer who had searched our luggage. He returned the copies of *Bor'ba*, saying in purest Russian, "Keep your chattels." He was a Volunteeer Army spy.

We rushed back to the waterfront. Our steamer was not there. The major ran to the next pier and learned that the ship had changed its anchorage and was lying at the mouth of the Straits for final passenger inspection. We tried to get a boat, but the sea was rough and the boatmen refused to go out. The major asked us to wait, ran to another pier, and returned beaming. He had obtained a speedboat from the Italian navy to take us to the steamer.

We boarded the ship as the last passport formalities were nearing their end. The passengers, assembled in the main saloon, were showing their papers to three officers at the table—British, French, and Italian. Emma and I were at the very end of the line. The French officer looked at my passport and said, "You will have to go to the Inter-Allied Police station."

"I have just come back from there."

"What did they tell you?"

Before I could reply, the Italian major stepped forward and announced sternly, "They apologized. Mr. and Mrs. Woytinsky are going to Rome as members of a diplomatic mission, on the personal invitation of my government."

The Italian control officer asked for the major's credentials and returned them with a bow. He said, "The case is clear," to which the British officer added, "I concur."

The Frenchman was still not satisfied and asked me, "What will be your address in Italy?"

The major replied for me, "The Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Rome."

Being cleared by the Inter-Allied Police was not enough, however. The first-class passengers remained suspicious of us.